

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

*Clow.* Faith if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many poore corpes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine yeare,

*Ham.* Why he more then another?

*Clow.* Why sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a sore decayer of your whorish dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyeen you i'th earth 23. yeares.

*Ham.* Whose was it?

*Clow.* A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay I know not.

*Clow.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, a poured a flagon of enish on my head once; this same scull sir, was sir *Yoricke's* scull, the kings lesser.

*Ham.* This?

*Clow.* Een that.

*Ham.* Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite ft, of most excelent fancy, hee hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge ses at it. Here hung those lypes that I haue kist I know not how ft: where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flannes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come, make her laugh at that.

*Rethee Horatio tell me one thing.*

*Hora.* What's that my Lord?

*Ham.* Dooft thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashon i'th earth?

*Hora.* Een so.

*Ham.* And smelt so: pah.

*Hora.* Een so my Lord.

*Ham.* To what base vses we may returne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping in a dunghole?

*Hora.* Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

*Ham.* No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelihood to leade it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth wee ke Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they

*Prince of Denmarke.*

They not stoppe a Beare-barrell?  
Imperious *Cesar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,  
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.  
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,  
Shoulp patch a wall t' expell the waters flaw.  
But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,  
The Queene, the courtiers, who is this they follow?  
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,  
The corse they follow, did with desprat hand  
Foredoe it owne life, twas of some estate,  
Conch we a while and marke.

*Laer.* What Ceremony else?

*Ham.* That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, make.

*Laer.* What Ceremony else?

*Doct.* Her obsequies haue beene as farre enlarg'd  
As we haue warranty, her death was doubtfull,  
And but that great command ore-swayes the order,  
She should in ground vn sanctified beene lodg'd  
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,  
Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:  
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,  
Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of bell and buriall.

*Laer.* Must there no more be doone?

*Doct.* No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,  
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her  
As to peace-parted soules.

*Laer.* Lay her i'th earth,  
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh  
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,  
A ministring Angell shall my sister be  
When thou lyest howling.

*Ham.* What, the faire *Ophelia*.

*Quee.* Sweets to the sweet, farewell,  
I hop't thou should'st haue beene my *Hamlets* wife,  
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,  
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

*Laer.* O trebble woe

*Enter King,  
Quee, Laertes  
and the corse*

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